

Some that pretend most Faith have least, who say
That their Belief is pure, and will not pray

I believe

This illegitimate Sect is neither just
In their own way, nor will improve their trust

in God

A Spirit which can guide them they have got,
They'll grant no other Conduct who know not

the Father Almighty

They'll make a Chaos of the Church, to see
(Their errors being compos'd) whether he be

maker of Heaven

Thus they tempt their Creator, and dare say
They are more Holy, and not made of Clay

and Earth,

They are inspir'd from Heaven; and thus they flout
The Holy Scripture, and with it play both out

and in

They'll grant no worship to our Lord, nor show
Any (though decent) reverence unto

Jesus

They will derive their names from BROWN and TOM,
Nor do they so care, to extract it from

Christ

PLUTO laughs at them, promising that he
Who will persist thus in that way, shall be

his onely Son

But (O) illuminate their Errors now
Father of Heaven and Earth, and still be thou

our Lord,

What is not theirs, is Romes and Popish dross;
Hence came the tumult about Chesfide-Cross,

which was

Thus is our Church condemned without hope
To be reformed, for 'twas (they say) by th' Pope

conceived

They've been so long from Church that they've forgot,
But Barns and Stables, sure conceiv'd were not

by the Holy Ghost,

They hate the nomination of a Mass,
Nor will observe the Rules of him that was

born of the Virgin

They'll have no Brothers name be called DAVY
Nor Sisters MALL, 'cause of ROMES Ave

Mary,

They're charitable, the naked they will see
Covered; and none (unless a Sister) now shall be

suffered under

Some will reform Religion, and some
To crucifie Christs Church, would even become

Pontius Pilate,

Some preach in Tubs, that scarce become a chair;
The Bishops Primacy in Lambeth fair

was crucified,

The publick Liturgy is condemn'd by most,
The Book of Common Prayer is almost

dead and buried;

When Prophet HUNT did in the Gallery prate,
In Christ Church, and sent to Counter-gate,

he descended

These Amsterdamian tunes which they do sing
In Conventicles, will them shortly bring

into Hell,

When SPENCER preacht, and did his word fulfil,
He in his Text continued until

the third day

When HUNT came from the Counter, went agen
To the Old Exchange and Westminster, and then

he rose again,

These speak by Inspiration, and are wise;
Their Doctrine's dull, as if it did arise

from the dead;

When HOWE rose from his Coblers Bulk and teacht,
His fond opinion in the Pulpit preacht

he ascended

Those that will thus their Souls health rashly venter
To rob abused Levy, shall not enter

into Heaven,

They are as fierce as Hercules with his Club,
The chief among them's placed in a Tub

and there sitteth

At the left hand there sits a Holy Mother,
And there is likewise plac'd a purer Brother

on the right hand

Thus are their new Assemblies all abhorr'd,
And thus they do profane the Sacred word

of God,

We live and move by him that sits on High,
Whom I acknowledge seriously to be

the Father Almighty,

MARLER for preaching Anabaptist Text
Was sent to th' Gate-house, and to Tyburn next,

from thence he shall come

But stay disturbers of the time, I know
Your manners, but who authorized you

to judge

Retract your foolish rage, I humbly crave
Do not proceed to censure and deprave

both the quick and dead.

Why do you nourish th' Amsterdamian Brat,
For (lo) 'tis not your Sect confusive that

I believe in

Thou Baptianisme that our Religion main't,
Thou often dost protect the sin against

the Holy Ghost,

He that can teach five hours inspir'd from high,
Denying Common-Prayer-Book, shall be

the Holy

Most words of Popish Monuments are fram'd,
Religion's Romish too, if it be nam'd

Catholick

A Church to them's Apocripa, a Tree,
A Barn, a Stable, they esteem to be

Church;

Where the Brethren, Sisters, Anabaptist Elves
Do meet together, they call themselves

the communion of Saints,

They'll not confess, nor yet absolve, they'll be
Competitors for the truth, and so deny

the forgiveness of sins,

When they should exercise their Talent, and do move
By the Spirit, to a Sister, O then they love

the Resurrection of the Body,

Since they such obscure places will inherit,
Denying all good Works, they cannot merit

the Life everlasting,

And since they are led by the Spirit, O then withall
May the Spirit lead them unto Tyburn all.

A M E N.